

In Memoriam.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. BURNS.

DIED 22ND AUGUST, 1882, AGED 71.

TORONTO:

PRINTED FOR THE MURRAY-MITCHELL AUXILIARY OF THE
WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

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"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

OUR dear friend and sister, whose loss we deplore, entered into rest on Tuesday 22nd August, 1882, at the age of seventy-one. Her last illness was of comparatively short duration. She was in her usual health up to the evening of Thursday, the 17th. In the course of that evening she felt indisposed, and during the night her illness assumed a serious and dangerous character. Medical treatment subdued the more violent symptoms of her disease, but her constitution did not rally, and after a few days of severe suffering she gently passed away on the day already mentioned.

Her adopted daughter, Mrs. T. Thomson, who resided in the same house, tenderly and affectionately watched over her, and, with a few other loving friends and the kind and attentive physicians, did all that could be done to alleviate her sufferings and promote

her comfort. Her pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. M. King, and several other intimate friends, who would have accounted it a privilege to be near her in her hours of suffering, were absent from the city. Her stepson, the Rev. Dr. R. F. Burns, of Halifax, hastened to be with her, but arrived too late to see her in life. The nature of her illness prevented her from seeing many friends, and from saying much to those around her. But in her case any full or particular death-bed testimony was not needed. Her life had been a continuous testimony. The great concern had been settled long ago ; she had only to die ; and, although the conflict was sharp, it was brief; and while it lasted she was sustained by that grace which is all-sufficient. In the midst of severe suffering she had great peace ; she listened with great interest and satisfaction to portions of Scripture and verses of hymns, as they were repeated to her, and when the end approached, she gently whispered, "Home, home yonder." On the following Thursday her mortal remains were carried to the Necropolis, and laid beside the dust of her husband, there to rest until the resurrection morn. On Sabbath 27th the Rev. Dr. King, in the course of an appropriate and impressive sermon, referred to the event, and paid a tender and just tribute to the memory of the deceased.

Mrs. Burns, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Bell Bonar, was the daughter of Thomson Bonar, Esq.,

of "The Grove," Edinburgh. She was descended from a long line of pious ancestors, many of whom in successive generations were devoted ministers of the Gospel. Several in the line of this apostolic succession are at the present day respected and honoured ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, respected and honoured no less for their piety than for their learning and talents. The names of Dr. Andrew Bonar, author of the life of McCheyne, of the work on Leviticus and other well-known works, and lately Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church, and of Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, whose Hymns have cheered the hearts and strengthened the faith and hope of many Christians in various lands, are as household words throughout the Churches. Miss Bonar enjoyed the privilege of careful training, and of all the educational advantages which the city of Edinburgh afforded, and from an early age gave evidence of deep and earnest piety. She was strongly attached to the Presbyterian Church, in which so many of her relatives had been office-bearers and ministers, and took a warm interest in all that a revived Church was doing in the work of evangelization and of missions. She was a member of the congregation of the late Rev. Dr. D. Dickson, whose ministry she greatly valued. When the disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, in connection with which many of her nearest friends

had taken a prominent part, she occupied no neutral place, but manifested the warmest interest in the Free Church—an interest which to the latest period of her life suffered no abatement.

In the latter part of 1844, Dr. Robert Burns, of Free St. George's Church, Paisley, who had been long connected with the Glasgow Colonial Society, and had been instrumental in sending out many ministers to Canada and other British Colonies, and who had just returned from a visit to the North American Provinces, received and accepted a call to be pastor of Knox Church, Toronto. Shortly before coming to Canada he was united in marriage with Miss Bonar, and they came together to Canada in the early part of 1845. She was now introduced to a new sphere, where she had full scope for the exercise of her eminent gifts and graces. On taking up her residence in Toronto, Mrs. Burns at once identified herself with her adopted country, and entered on various departments of work. In every respect she proved herself most admirably fitted for her new position. The home of her husband and of his family was graced and gladdened by her presence. In all her husband's work in connection with the congregation, she took a lively interest. Dr. Burns was in the habit of extending his labours from time to time to the most distant portions of the Church, often undertaking journeys in the course of which he

was exposed to fatigue and sometimes to danger. In many of these journeys Mrs. Burns was his companion, cheering him with her presence and proving herself to be a true fellow-helper in the good work. She kept up an extensive correspondence with friends in various parts of the Church, and by her letters and by books, which she took delight in distributing, did much to promote the influence of pure and undefiled religion, and to comfort the sorrowing and the bereaved.

She took a deep interest in the education of the young, and established a day-school in connection with Knox Church, which was kept up for some years. She devoted much time and attention to Bible classes for the young females of the congregation and for others who might attend. Many availed themselves of these classes, and it is believed that not a few who have, as wives and mothers, filled useful places in their respective homes, received their first serious impressions and their most important religious knowledge in the Bible classes taught by Mrs. Burns. Many interesting proofs of this have from time to time been brought to light.

For some years, at a later period, she gave her attention to the education of young ladies, and superintended an institution, which was continued after she gave it up, and is to-day represented by the excellent seminary at Morvyn House, Jarvis Street,

under the care of Miss Haight. For this interesting and important work she was admirably fitted by her superior attainments, her solid accomplishments, and the happy and beneficial influence which she exercised on all around her. Many ladies who enjoyed the benefit of her care and oversight are to-day filling important positions in households of their own in different parts of the world. She never ceased to feel a deep and kindly interest in them all.

Dr. Burns, who for a number of years had been Professor of Church History in Knox College, died in August, 1869. About eighteen months after his death Mrs. Burns went to Scotland, and resided for some years in Edinburgh. While enjoying greatly the society of old friends, and the privileges which a residence in Edinburgh affords, she did not lose her interest in Canada and in the Canadian Church. She kept up a correspondence with many friends in this country, and was delighted to welcome any who visited her in her Edinburgh home, which she was in the habit of calling "Toronto Villa."

She spent, with some friends, part of 1876-7 on the Continent, visiting Rome, Geneva, and other places of interest. She was a most intelligent and observing traveller, and her descriptions of scenery and of the cities which she visited were full of information. In 1877 she returned to Canada, and again, to the joy

of many friends; took up her residence in Toronto. With her characteristic energy she entered anew upon work connected with the several benevolent institutions in the city.

In these institutions Mrs. Burns had taken an active interest from the time when she first came to Toronto. One—the Magdalen Asylum—she was largely instrumental in establishing, and up to the last was (with the exception of a few years spent in Edinburgh after the death of Dr. Burns) one of the most active of the workers and office-bearers. For some years before her death she was the secretary, and many were the walks which, in summer and in winter, she took to the institution in Yorkville on her errands of mercy and benevolence. At the House of Industry and at the Home for Incurables she was frequent and regular in her visits. At both institutions many afflicted ones will sorrow that they will see her face no more.

In the cause of Missions Mrs. Burns took, as might have been expected, a very warm interest. Personally acquainted with Dr. Duff, and with Dr. Murray-Mitchell, and Mrs. Mitchell, and connected with W. C. Burns, the missionary of China, she had heard much, and read much, and thought much on the subject of Missions; and on various occasions her pen was used with good effect in pleading the cause of the heathen.

When the second General Presbyterian Council met in Philadelphia in 1880, Mrs. Burns was present. She thoroughly enjoyed the meeting, and everything connected with it. She met with many personal friends from Scotland, with whom she had delightful communion during the days she spent in Philadelphia. She sometimes said, after her return, that the large and enthusiastic meetings in Philadelphia reminded her of those which took place in Edinburgh in 1843, but that there was this difference, that in 1843 there was separation, while in Philadelphia in 1880 there was a gathering together into one. During the time of the sitting of the Council, it was arranged to hold a meeting of ladies interested in the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Churches. The meeting was largely attended, and was deeply interesting. Mrs. Burns was requested, on short notice, to prepare a paper, which when read at one of the meetings was received with marked approval, and was pronounced by those who heard it to be one of the ablest and most stirring papers read at these meetings.

When the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada was formed sometime ago, the eyes of all the members were turned to Mrs. Burns as one admirably fitted to be at the head of the society. She accepted the appointment, and up to the last diligently and zealously discharged the duties

of her position. She attended a meeting of the Auxiliary on the Tuesday before she was taken ill, just one short week before her death. The very last letter which she wrote, on the evening she was smitten down, was on the business of the society. The memory of the first president of the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary will be long cherished with affection and veneration.

In the social circle, Mrs. Burns shone with a grace peculiarly her own. Full of life and spirit, which she retained to her latest days, highly accomplished, and with excellent powers of conversation, she was able in an unusual degree to brighten the circle around her, and to impart to all pleasure and enjoyment. She was a favourite with both young and old ; and the gatherings which took place from time to time at her house, often embracing Christian friends of various branches of the Church, will be long remembered by many with pleasure.

While deeply interested in everything connected with the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, she was specially interested in the work of the Presbyterian Church. She most liberally contributed to all the missionary and benevolent schemes of the Church, and marked her interest in Knox College, with which her husband had been so long connected, by generously devoting a sum of money for the establishment of the “Bonar Scholarship.” She had formed the purpose

of adding to the amount so as to make the scholarship more valuable. She was a decided Presbyterian; but she was catholic in her feelings and in the range of her Christian affection. She loved all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Not a few of her most intimate and valued friends were outside the Presbyterian Church, and a small company of ladies who met from week to week in her house, for Bible reading and study, embraced members of different branches of the Church.

Mrs. Burns was in every respect a superior woman. Her intellectual endowments were of a high order, and they had been improved by education and culture. Her opinions on all matters were intelligently formed, and conscientiously held and expressed. Her sensibility was keen, her feelings warm and strong, and her attachments firm and durable. She combined in a remarkable degree unwearied activity, and deep, experimental piety. These do not always go together. Some are so busy in looking after the vineyards of others that their own is neglected. Some, on the other hand, are all the time looking within, communing with their own hearts, and seeking to lead a life of devout contemplation and of separation from the world. But in Mrs. Burns there was a beautiful blending of deep spirituality and of cheerful and constant every-day activity. She was an earnest and devout student of the Word of God.

The fruit she gathered daily from the tree of life was not for self alone ; she was ready to communicate it to others. Her expositions of Scripture and her prayers—she was specially gifted in prayer—will be long remembered by those who had the privilege of attending the meetings which she was in the habit of holding in her own house. Her attendance on the public means of grace was most exemplary. For many years she was connected with the congregation now worshipping in St. James' Square Church, that of Rev. Dr. J. M. King. Her presence on all occasions was regarded as a token for good, and she will be long missed by both pastor and congregation.

We deeply feel the loss of our friend and sister. The Church has been blessed with few so gifted, and so well fitted by natural endowments, by education and culture, and by grace, to be useful in their day and generation. But whilst there are diversities of gifts, and while the Master giveth to every one severally as He willeth, the promise is available for every one. “ My grace is sufficient for thee.” Let each one rely on that promise ; let each one seek that grace ; let each one seek to lead a life of faith in the Saviour through whom the weakest may be made a conqueror and more than a conqueror, and so God’s work will still go on, and while one is removed, others will be raised up to be witnesses for Him and to be faithful labourers in His vineyard.

We mourn the loss of one so much loved and so much needed in the Church ; but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. " We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Absent from the body, she is present with the Lord. She hath entered into the rest which " remaineth for the people of God." " The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon ; it but goes
To shine in other skies, then re-appear
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, where o'er the rock,
It pours its flood into the abyss below,
Its scattered force regathering from the shock,
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shadowy orb
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray :
It still is shining on ; and soon to us
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground :
Gone down for shelter to its mother earth,
'Twill rise, rebloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dewdrop dies not when it leaves the flower
And passes upward in the beam of morn ;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow ;
In freshened splendour it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live :
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dewdrop, and the gold ;
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell.
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place,
We lay their weary limbs ; and bid the clay
Press lightly on them, till the night be past,
And the far east give note of coming day.

The day of reappearing ! how it speeds !
He who is true and faithful speaks the word,
Then shall we ever be with those we love,
Then shall we be for ever with the Lord.

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;
The trumpet sounds ; the dead awake and sing ;
The living put on glory ; one glad band,
They hasten up to meet their coming King.

Short death and darkness ; endless life and light ;
Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,
When all is incorruptible and pure :
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

H. BONAR.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

The following extracts from a private journal kept by Mrs. Burns will be read with interest:—

April 23rd, 1826.—Written at the age of fifteen.—This day the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper being intimated in the West Church by Dr. Dickson, I resolved to commit to paper my views on the subject, as the first incident worthy of inserting here. I feel it difficult to describe the variety of feelings which at this time beset me. Sometimes I am seized with fear lest I should be an unworthy partaker, yet at the same time I know the danger incurred by disobeying an express command of our Lord, “Do this in remembrance of me.” Oh, that I may feel the necessity I have for a Saviour, and the sufficiency and willingness of Jesus to save all that come to Him; that I may feel the exceeding sinfulness of my own heart, my inclination to do that which is evil and omit that which is good. “Lord, create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.”

November, 1832.—Have I reason to say that in my individual case the Saviour sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied? This is a heart-searching question, and one well fitted to be put in the prospect of commemorating that holy ordinance in which we have so lively a representation of the travail of His

soul. Can I say that the purposes of His atonement have been accomplished in me? Am I rendering to Him a service on which He can look with satisfaction? Does sin or grace most predominate in my heart? Do I belong to Christ or to the world? Am I daily dying unto sin and living unto righteousness? He died not only to save me, but to fit me for being saved. Therefore, if I am interested in His salvation, I must in some measure be showing forth the fruits of it in my conduct.

1833.—In writing about the death of Rev. A. Nisbet, aged twenty-four, in the tenth month of his ministry, she says: “How often, in judging by human wisdom of the events which occur around us, are we inclined to adopt the language of the poet—‘God moves in a mysterious way.’ To us how unsearchable are His ways; how seemingly at variance the promises with their fulfilment; to finite, mortal creatures, inexplicable must be the ways of an infinite Almighty Being, into the depths of whose eternal wisdom our limited vision cannot penetrate, the proceedings of whose government extend far beyond the bounds of our knowledge. It is by reason of this vast distance between human and divine wisdom that the arrangements of God with regard to man seem enveloped in mystery. When we consider that time, and even a mere fragment of it, is our boundary, and that eternity is the field on which the Almighty moves, we will cease to wonder at our inability to scan His works. We will rather learn to submit in humble adoration, con-

vinced that it is only our ignorance which prevents us seeing them, as they are parts of an all-wise and all-just administration. It is this conviction alone which can enable us to view as we ought the events of Providence. The proceedings of a parent may be unintelligible to a child; they are not on that account devoid of wisdom. These impressions should extend, not only to the more striking and public events of life, but also to the minute and personal incidents of our own history."

Referring to the death of three friends, she says: "How many striking lessons do we receive to live in continual preparation for death, that whenever it may overtake us, we may be found ready to depart, and be with Christ. We know not what a day or a night may bring forth. Within the short space of a month these three individuals have been laid in the dust. They lived in the same neighbourhood, were nearly of the same age, all wives and mothers, their stations in life were very similar, which they equally adorned. But nothing can resist the hand of death; it came upon them as a 'thief in the night,' and snatched them from the arms of husbands, children, and friends into the arms of their Saviour—

'Together to their Father's house
With joy full haste they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.'

To live in a state of habitual preparation for death is a fit frame of mind for beings who are daily dying,

and who in one moment may be hurried from the midst of the busy scenes of the world into the realities of eternity. When we consider that there is not an incident which, in the hands of the Almighty, may not be rendered the instrument of our dissolution, it certainly is our wisdom to be ever cultivating that frame of mind in which we would wish to enter another world. The momentous transition from time into eternity is an argument which must outweigh every other in directing to the choice of the path we ought to pursue; there can be no hesitation; death is to be to all of us an event that will usher us either into eternal bliss or eternal woe, and seeing it is in our power to choose, as we value the welfare of our souls, we will surely endeavour so to live as we shall wish we had done when we come to die."

In May, 1837, she writes: "Is love to the Saviour the prevailing principle of my heart? if it be so, then my character will be assimilated to His. Am I a decided servant of Jesus? then I will follow Him whithersoever He goeth. Such has been the import of the profession I have lately made, such the responsibilities of the vows I have taken upon me. There must be no wavering either in heart or practice. I must not rest satisfied till Christ reigns supremely in my heart; no other object must usurp the throne. His love must constrain me in every thought, word, and action: this is the test by which I must try every part of my character even in its most minute feature. It is an invaluable touch-stone, it is the peculiar pos-

session of the Christian, and by faithfully using it he is enabled to acquire that knowledge which is the most difficult and the most valuable—the knowledge of his own character in the sight of God. If this principle have really that dominion over my heart which it ought to have, I will have a powerful incitement to duty and a strong shield against temptation. It is the test by which Jesus Himself tries the sincerity of His disciples' profession, ‘Loveth thou me?’ Can I enjoy any true peace, till I can say, ‘Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.’ When my heart is fully brought under the influence of this principle, then will my mind become moulded to that of Him whose I am and whom I serve. My practice will be according to that which He Himself has prescribed, ‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ In all that I think, or say, or do, I will endeavour to remember Christ in all that He is in Himself, in all that He is to me.

“Is there a rule for my thoughts? Yes; it is that they may be brought into *captivity* to the will of Christ. Is there a rule for my conversation? Yes; that it may be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Is there a rule for my daily conduct? Yes; it is to go about doing good. Christ’s image must be in some measure reflected in me. It may be faint, but it must be true; by continually looking to Him, there will be a growing conformity to His likeness. I will be in Him a new creature; He will be in me the hope of glory. I must come to the foot of the cross,

I must live there, my eye must be constantly and steadfastly fixed upon Jesus; there I must see Him crucified for me. My eye of faith must stretch even beyond this; it must penetrate into heaven, and there see Jesus on a throne of grace interceding for me. Whether in *duty* or in temptation, in joy or in sorrow, in life or in the hour of death, I must look to Jesus; this is faith, and this habitual act of the mind is the distinguishing feature of the Christian.

“E. B. B.”

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.

The Presbytery of Toronto, at its first meeting after the death of Mrs. Burns, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. King, adopted the following resolution :

“ The Presbytery of Toronto, having had its attention called to the death of Mrs. Burns, widow of the late Dr. Burns, of Knox College, deems it fitting to put on record the high estimate which its members entertain of her character and usefulness, the exceptional nature of the endowments and services of the departed justifying this somewhat unusual course in the case of a private member of the Church. By the Bible classes which she taught during a long course of years ; by the meetings for prayer and the study of God’s Word which she has for a lengthened period held in her house ; by the active interest which she has taken, during its whole history, in Knox College, its professors and students, and which continued unabated to the last ; by the general hospitality which she was accustomed to exercise, frequently bringing together, in the happiest way, Christian people of various denominations ; and more recently by her much-appreciated labours as President of the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary of the Woman’s Foreign

Missionary Association, not to refer here to the work she was permitted to do in the origination and support of various benevolent institutions in this city—she rendered through a long life very valuable service to the cause of Christ. The Presbytery, in making this record of its estimate of the departed, desire to glorify in her the grace of God, to which it was her wont to ascribe everything that was good in her."

RESOLUTIONS OF MURRAY-MITCHELL AUXILIARY.

At the first meeting of the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary after the death of Mrs. Burns, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove, by death, our beloved friend, Mrs. Burns, the first President of this Society—never absent from its meetings, unwearied in her efforts to make them interesting, and unvarying in courtesy; therefore resolved—

1. That we thank God that He has glorified His name in the consistent Christian life and blessed death of the departed.

2. That while we bow in humble submission to

His will, we deeply feel that in the removal of one whose unostentatious piety, wisdom, zeal, and ardent devotion to the cause of missions were so constantly manifested, this Society sustains an irreparable loss.

3. That while we shall miss her loving counsels, the inspiration of her cheerful presence, and the elevation and expression of our best desires in her words of prayer, we pledge ourselves to carry on the work she loved so well, as the most fitting tribute of honour we can render to her memory.

4. That we offer our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing family, and pray that the Comforter may heal every wound and fill every aching void.

LETTER

FROM THE BOARD OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

The following letter has been received from the Board of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society by the Secretary of the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary:—

DEAR MRS. COCKSHUTT,—The ladies of the Board desire me to convey through you to the members of the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary their sincere sympathy with you in your sorrow for your loved and esteemed President, and their sense of the great loss you have sustained.

Her warm interest in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was well-known; but the Murray-Mitchell Auxiliary was, as it were, her own especial care, and very near her heart.

Prayer for its welfare and prosperity was daily on her lips, and her time and labour, to further and promote its success, were cheerfully and hopefully given.

It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take His servant home, and while we mourn her loss, and miss her from her accustomed place, let us strive to profit by the bright example she has left us; and may the Christian influence she exerted on all with whom she came in contact, and the kindly gracious words we

have all heard from her lips, bear fruit in our hearts and lives for many days, so that it may be said she “being dead yet speaketh.”

Yours in much sympathy,

A. M. TOPP,
Home Secretary, W. F. M. S.

TORONTO, *Peter Street, 13th Sept., 1882.*

COMMUNICATION FROM MRS. J. LESSLIE.

Mrs. James Lesslie, of the Willows, one of the oldest friends of Mrs. Burns, gives us a few interesting facts regarding her active labour soon after coming to this country:—

“On my arrival in Toronto, April, 1853, Mrs. Burns called on me, and asked my co-operation in Christian work, especially that of prison visitation and the formation of a Magdalen Asylum. At that time there were no visitors to the jail, and everything there was in a very bad state. We recommended the appointment of a matron by the County Council, and were allowed by them to make the choice of one, who retained that position for seventeen years.

“Quite a number of female prisoners, of very bad character, were removed to the Magdalen Asylum

from time to time, some of whom are monuments to the grace of God, and are now members of Churches in the city. In addition to visiting the women at the jail, we went among the men distributing papers and tracts, and on repeated occasions were allowed interviews with condemned criminals in their cells. Mrs. Burns was a constant visitor at the General Hospital, and was the means of cheering many a weak and suffering one with the words of eternal life.

“ For many years she held a Bible reading for ladies in her house, which will be remembered with pleasure and profit by all who attended. These were kept up till within a few weeks of her death, and her words to those present at the last meeting, were : ‘ After the hot weather is over, we will begin again with more earnestness than ever.’ Little did she think that her work was so nearly over, and that before the time of meeting again she would be in her grave.

“ May the Lord teach us ‘ so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,’ and to endeavour in some measure to follow our dear departed friend as she followed Christ.”

TRIBUTE TO MRS. BURNS.

The following tribute to the memory of Mrs. Burns is from the pen of Mrs. John Ross, of Quebec:—

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—
Psalm 112:6, last clause.

Fain would I now, while in this city, enter into the chambers of memory, and bring up some faithful, touching incidents of my much-loved friend, the dear departed Mrs. Burns.

Our first meeting was in the city of Kingston, and her first salutation—"Free Church people are not long in becoming friends." From that time, till July 22nd of the present year (the date of her last letter to me), our correspondence was steady. Much did I value her letters, and were I at home now, I could cull some very touching extracts from recent ones, full of missionary spirit and plans for the future.

It was my privilege, along with my sister, to visit Mrs. Burns in Toronto, and see her in her own house—a very queen. How vividly the memory of dear Doctor Burns comes up here! I well remember how the very day of our arrival he took us in a carriage and showed us this city with touching attention.

The following summer, Mrs. Burns, my sister, and myself spent several weeks in a farm-house, on the banks of the Lower St. Lawrence—a very happy time! After our devotional exercises in the morning, our custom was to read in Bridge's Exposition of Psalm 119, two divisions each morning, and she sweetly conversed on them afterwards.

On our return voyage, we were to leave the wharf at Rivière du Loup at six o'clock a.m. The tide not suiting for the steamer to remain at the wharf till that hour, she anchored out in the stream, leaving passengers and luggage to go in boats. The boat that was to take us contained thirteen other persons, including two seamen. All went well with us, and we had neared the vessel, when suddenly we found ourselves drifting down the river, with a rough sea and high wind. The first cry was, "What is the matter?" All too soon we knew that the rudder was broken, and we were at the mercy of the wind and waves. A boat was speedily sent after us, but benefited us no further than by relieving us of two frightened gentlemen. A pilot on the steamer, as passenger, espied a bark canoe on board, and that canoe, in the hands of this skilful man, was the means, under the Divine blessing, of saving our lives. The pilot got into the canoe, with great length of rope from the ship, and overtook us; but here the danger was great of our not being able to catch

the rope when he threw it to us. This was the supreme moment; but oh! joy, the rope was caught, and we were safely drawn to the steamer. Amid the fearful consternation of this scene, Mrs. Burns remained perfectly calm, bidding all in the boat keep quite still. Several times she said, "The poor Doctor." When we reached the steamer, drenched and trembling, her first words were, "How thankful we ought to be." Truly it was a remarkable deliverance, and her life seemed to me, from that time, to have a fuller consecration. She often visited me in my own home, and we always looked forward to her visits with joy, and remembered them with delight.

She spent the first anniversary of the dear Doctor's death with us. But her last visit I must notice. She was with us a fortnight at the seaside, ere Dr. and Mrs. Murray-Mitchell reached Quebec; then she went up, and brought them down for a few days. Never shall I forget the beaming of her countenance when she reached our door, with Mrs. M. Mitchell beside her in the carriage and Dr. Murray-Mitchell opposite. It was a moment of triumph when she exclaimed, "I have brought them!" That was a much-to-be-remembered visit. An address in church by Rev. Dr. Murray-Mitchell, and a drawing-room meeting by his devoted, talented wife, made a deep impression on all. On a lovely Saturday afternoon I parted from them at the station. Fond and linger-

ing as the parting was, I little thought it was to be my last with my precious friend. The year revolved, and again came a cheering letter with the news, "Andrew Bonar is coming; can he be met at Quebec?" A telegram to Toronto, "Come, and meet him yourself;" a response, "Thanks, cannot go so far just now." All this in the beginning of a week, but on Saturday morning she arrived herself to meet her saintly cousin. No visit to the seaside could be managed, and she turned homeward. I longed to have her with us this summer, but she wrote that she did not think she would leave Toronto. Still I hoped for a visit, and she was much in my thoughts the very day of her death. The news only reached us on Saturday evening, and that night was a sad one to me. Grieved and weary after a sleepless night, I went to God's house. The Rev. John Cook, D.D., of Quebec, preached from Luke 20:36. It was, indeed, a funeral sermon. The power of the truth quite lifted me above my sorrow, and I was able to rejoice that my loved friend had accomplished her warfare, and won the victory.

It was her first Sabbath in Heaven.

We weep, we sympathise, with those she loved so well. To them the blank can never be fully filled. She will be missed at every Mission Board at which she sat; she will dwell in our memory, and may we be followers of her, as she was of Christ.

One striking feature of her well-rounded character I would like to mention, namely, her intense appreciation of kindness. Little acts of kindness she dwelt upon, and now she no longer needs our attentions.

Tenderest, truest, and saintliest of women, thou hast been laid to thy rest in yonder Necropolis ! Sleep well, sacred dust, till resurrection morn, when “that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power,” and thou shalt awake to everlasting life (Daniel 12:2), “Clad in beauty not thine own.”

FAREWELL.

“E'en the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe to souls
That heavenward soar.
For humble faith with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
Shall meet to part no more.”

—*Bernard Barton.*

TORONTO, *October 19th, 1882.*

